

March 10

BLUE BOLT

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Featuring:-

DICK COLE

★ BLUE BOLT
Sub-Zero MAN

★ Super-HORSE
Phantom SUB

★ Sergeant SPOOK
Runaway RONSON

And Others

DICK COLE'S body crashes into the inky blackness
of the well after the killer!

Vol. 1 No. 10

Geo. Van Dull

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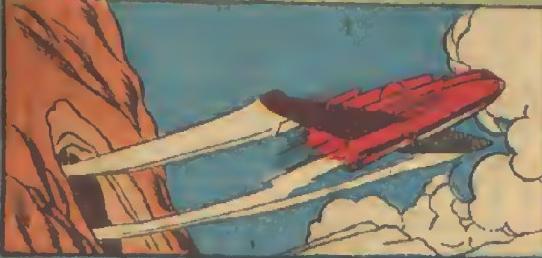
BLUE BOLT



by
JOE SIMON &
Jack KIRBY

"ROCKY" ROBERTS--GANG-LEADER... STOWS AWAY ON A ROCKET RIDE TO THE GREEN EMPIRE, UNDER THE EARTH'S CRUST! THINGS BEGIN TO POP IN THAT STRANGE LAND WHEN ROCKY MUSCLES IN ON THE GREEN SORCERESS AND TAKES BLUE BOLT FOR A RIDE.....

BARELY ESCAPING WITH HER LIFE FROM ROBERTS AND HIS GANGSTERS... WHOM SHE LEFT BATTLING BLUE BOLT IN THE SURFACE WORLD--THE SORCERESS EMERGES ONCE MORE IN HER GREEN KINGDOM BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE!



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THE NEXT TIME THOSE TWO GENTLEMEN WILL FEEL THE FURY OF MY WRATH...
BLUE BOLT AND BERTOFF SHALL DIE!
MY ROAD TO CONQUEST WILL THEN BE UNOPPOSED!

I SHALL ORGANIZE THE GREEN ARMY INTO A MACHINE THAT WILL SMASH BERTOFF'S STRONGHOLD TO BITS, AND SWEEP OVER BLUE BOLT'S BROKEN FORCES TO MASTERY OF THE EARTH!

WHAT YOU NEED, BABE... IS AN ORGANIZER THAT KNOWS HIS STUFF... LIKE ME, SEE?

ROCKY ROBERTS!

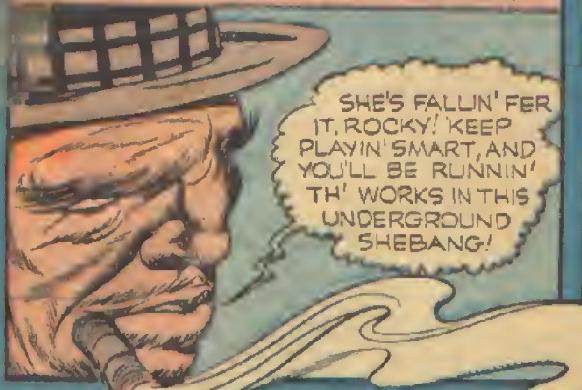
I GOT NO SCRUPLES ABOUT BUMPIN' OFF DAMES... SO DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS! SURPRISED, EH? WELL, I JUST MANAGED TO REACH THIS FLYIN' FIRECRACKER BEFORE YA DUCKED THAT BLUE BOLT GUY!

THAT MUG, BLUE BOLT-- SURE CAN SLUG! HE WASHED OUT ME WHOLE MOB, AND MADE ME-- KING OF THE RACKETS-- RUN FOR COVER LIKE A COMMON HOODLUM! I DIDN'T LIKE IT!

WHAT D'YA SAY WE SETTLE OUR SCORE WITH BLUE BOLT TOGETHER, BABY? HE'D BE A PUSHOVER FOR A BRAINY COMBINATION LIKE US!

WHAT MAKES A PUNY SURFACE SWINE LIKE YOU THINK HE CAN EVEN HOPE TO HARM BLUE BOLT?
A COUPLE O' TRICKS I GOT STORED UP HERE, BEAUTIFUL!

EVEN AS ROCKY ROBERTS PRESSES HIS BARGAIN WITH THE SORCERESS--HIS REAL INTENTIONS ENCOMPASS MORE THAN A DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE ON BLUE BOLT!



DAYS LATER, IN HIS LABORATORY STRONGHOLD... DOCTOR BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT INTERVIEW AN AGENT OF THEIR INTELLIGENCE STAFF...

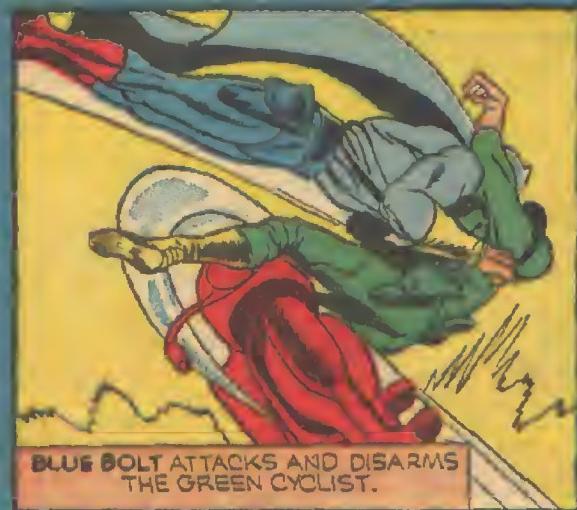
-- THE GREEN SORCERESS HAS RETURNED TO HER KINGDOM ACCOMPANIED BY A SURFACE MAN.



The IMMENSE DRIVING POWER OF HIS IRON-MUSCLED BODY HURLS BLUE BOLT HIGH INTO THE UPPER STRATA OF THE GREAT HOLLOW THAT IS THE WORLD BENEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST.



BLUE BOLT SPIES A GREEN ROCKET-CYCLIST AND GIVES SILENT CHASE!



BLUE BOLT ATTACKS AND DISARMS THE GREEN CYCLIST.



IS THAT SO...WHY?



BLUE BOLT WOULD BE SHOCKED IF HE KNEW HOW QUEER THE SITUATION HAS ACTUALLY BECOME--- .



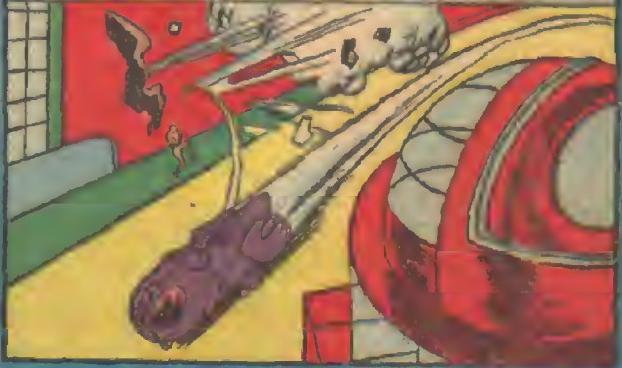
KING ROCKY INTRODUCES NEW AND STARTLING METHODS OF REPLENISHING THE COFFERS OF THE GREEN TREASURY--- METHODS THAT ARE FAMILIAR TO THE OUTRAGED CITIZENS OF THE SURFACE WORLD!



MY BUSINESS PAYS BUT LITTLE, CAPTAIN --- I CANNOT AFFORD THIS PROTECTION FEE! I AM A LOYAL SUBJECT OF OUR NEW MAJESTY... BUT I'M ALREADY OVER-BURDENED WITH TAXES! BESIDES, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD PAY FOR SOMETHING I'M ENTITLED TO!



CRIME RUNS RAMPANT IN THE GREEN KINGDOM AS THE BRUTAL AGENTS OF KING ROCKY CONTINUE THEIR ACTS OF TERRORISM-----



KIDNAP RANSOMS BECOME A LEGAL SOURCE OF REVENUE FOR ROBERTS' GANGSTER GOVERNMENT!



MURDERS ARE A DAILY OCCURRENCE..... INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE ROYAL RAY GUNS MOUNT, AND KING ROCKY'S FORTUNE INCREASES RAPIDLY.



RHOSKUL--CHIEF OF ROCKY'S TORPEDOES, TAKES ENTHUSIASTIC CHARGE OF HIS GRUESOME DUTIES!



BLUE BOLT, DISGUISED AS A DISPATCH RIDER,
ENTERS THE GREEN KINGDOM UNCHALLENGED,
MAKES HIS WAY UNNOTICED TO THE
IMPERIAL PALACE---



AT THAT MOMENT KING ROCKY IS SIGNING
THE GREEN SORCERESS' DEATH WARRANT....



THAT FALSE BRAVADO WON'T HELP YOU,
ROCKY! I CAN HANDLE YOUR WHOLE ARMY
IF NECESSARY! YOU'RE GOING
TO KEEP YOUR APPOINTMENT
WITH THE "G" MEN... THERE'S
NO ROOM DOWN HERE
FOR YOUR KIND!



GOT IT, DID YA?
WELL.. YOU AIN'T
SEEN NOTHIN'
YET!



REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS,
MEN! KING ROCKY SAYS TO WAKE
HIM GENTLY JUST BEFORE WE
GIVE HIM THE WORKS!



BLUE BOLT BECOMES THE
FIRST IN THIS STRANGE
UNDERGROUND WORLD TO
BE TAKEN FOR A RIDE....

ROCKY'S FINGERS DISAPPEAR BEHIND HIS
 HUGE DESK--SUDDENLY TWIN-RAYS OF LIGHT
 LEAP AT BLUE BOLT, CATCHING HIM SQUARELY
 IN THEIR DEADLY GLARE...



SEND CAPTAIN FENG
AND TWO MEN OF MY
PERSONAL GUARD...

I GOTTA
LITTLE JOB
FER 'EM!



LEAVING THE GREEN KINGDOM BEHIND THEM...
ROCKY'S ASSASSINS STREAK PAST THE
GREEN OUTSKIRTS WITH THEIR VICTIM!



BUT THE FRIGHTFUL FORCE OF ROCKY'S RAYS
HAVE HAD LITTLE EFFECT ON BLUE BOLT'S
SUPER-HUMAN BODY--HE SLOWLY RECOVERS
FROM HIS STUNNED CONDITION...



ALL RIGHT, MEN...GET READY
FOR THE BUMP OFF...WE'RE
COMIN' TO THE SPOT!

SORRY, BOYS! I'VE
NO TIME FOR
HAZING!

CRACK!

WHAT TH'--?
BLUE BOLT!
YOU WON'T GET
AWAY!

MISS! SORRY
I CAN'T LET YOU
TRY AGAIN!

THE DRIVER, KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY
BLUE BOLT'S BLOW...SLUMPS IN HIS SEAT
AS THE ROCKETOBILE LURCHES CRAZILY
OUT OF CONTROL!



STRAINING EVERY
MUSCLE, BLUE BOLT
STREAKS SKYWARD!



TOO LATE TO REGAIN
THE CAR'S CONTROL,
BLUE BOLT LEAPS
THROUGH A WINDOW
AS THE ROCKETOBILE
HURTLES OVER THE
ENBANKMENT!



BLUE BOLT HEADS ONCE MORE FOR THE
GREEN KINGDOM--

IN THE GREEN KINGDOM, ROCKY PREPARES TO ELIMINATE HIS LAST THREAT TO THE SECURITY OF HIS THRONE...



HOW D'YA LIKE IT, BABE? IT'S ME OWN ORIGINAL IDEA...AN' IT'S PAINLESS! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT'CHA!



YOU ARE VERY KIND, ROCKY, BUT I HAVE NEVER FEARED PAIN...OR DEATH!



THAT'S THE SPIRIT! YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES, BABE! TOO BAD YA GOTTA SHOVE OFF NOW... READY--GUNNER?



BUT THE GUNNER NEVER EXECUTES THE GANGSTER'S ORDER...POWERFUL HANDS CLOSE AROUND HIS THROAT!



BLUE BOLT!



HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, ROBERTS!



THE TERRIFIC IMPACT OF BLUE BOLT'S BODY SENDS KING ROCKY REELING BACKWARD...

ROCKY ROBERTS STRUGGLES LIKE A MADMAN IN BLUE BOLT'S MIGHTY GRIP.



...AND SUCCEEDS IN TEARING HIMSELF FREE FROM BLUE BOLT'S GRASP!



BLUE BOLT HALTS IN HIS TRACKS AS ROCKY DISAPPEARS IN A SUDDEN BURST OF LIGHT.



REGAINING HER THRONE ... THE GREEN SORCERESS INTERVIEWS BLUE BOLT...



BLUE BOLT HEADS BACK TO BERTOFF'S STRONGHOLD...



DICK COLE

WONDER ROY!



By Bob Davis

-- BUT GRANT, ALLEGED SLAYER OF OLD MRS. DALE, ELDED CAPTURE THIS AFTERNOON AND TOOK TO THE WOODS NEAR THE FARR SCHOOL. HE IS STILL AT LARGE--A POSSE OF OVER 100 MEN ARE NOW SEARCHING--

FARR

YEAH--IT'S A TOUGH NIGHT--EVEN FOR A CRAZY MURDERER LIKE THIS GRANT BIRD!

BOY--LISTEN TO THAT WIND HOWL OUT THERE!

A BLUSTERING, WINTRY NIGHT... DICK, AND HIS ROOMMATE AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, ED MARCH, ARE IN THEIR DORMITORY ROOM, STUDYING AND LISTENING TO RADIO REPORTS OF A MANHUNT NOW IN PROGRESS NEAR THE SCHOOL GROUNDS....



TRUE ENOUGH... AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT, SOME 50 MEN OF THE TOWN POSSE ARE SWARMING INTO THE GROUNDS--NOT FOR THE KILL....

HURRY IT UP! C'MON! WE'LL GET HIM! THERE HE IS!

SHAKE!

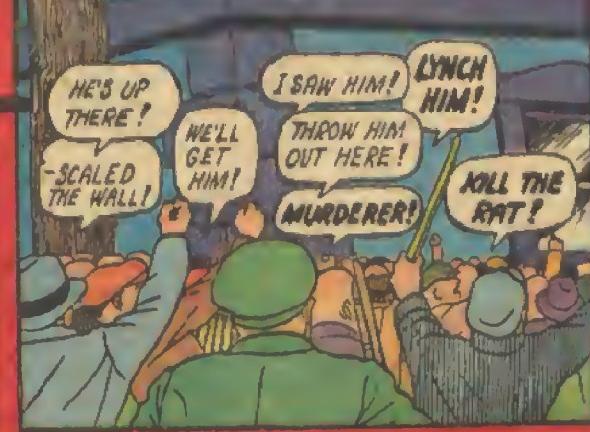
KILL HIM!

SUDDENLY, IN THE DORM, ED MARCH JUMPS FROM HIS CHAIR--

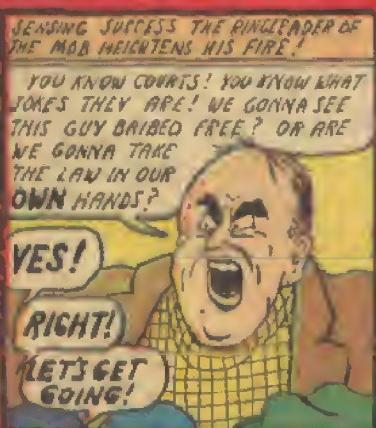
DICK--LOOK! THAT FACE!

WELL, I'LL BE--









SLOWLY DICK OPENS THE DOOR

WELL - MR HARKER -

N-N-YA-A-A-

-IS THAT THE KNIFE
THAT SLIT THE DALE
HOMING THROAT?

YEE-OH!

AND WHAT ARE THESE
DARK STAINS ON
YOUR CLOTHES?

HOW YOU KILLED THAT
WOMAN, DIDN'T YOU, MR.
HARKER? AND YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN AWAY, HAVE YOU?
YOU'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE!
RIGHT?

CHON! SPEAK
UP!

GLUB-AWK-
Y-YES!-I-

I DID IT - YES, I
DID - BUT I DIDN'T
MEAN TO -
I -

ALL RIGHT - NEVER
MIND THE ACT,
MR. I'M
LIVING
YOU
HERE
FOR
NOW-
ALONE.

A FEW SECONDS LATER DICK IS RACING BACK TO TOWN.

AH - THERE'S A GAS
STATION AHEAD ... I'LL
PHONE THE SCHOOL
FROM THERE!

MEANWHILE - BACK BY THE COURT-
HOUSE - THE FAT MAN IS INCITING
THE MOB TO DISREGARD DICK'S PROMISE

WAIT - WAIT! THAT'S ALL WE
BEEN DOING! WAITING!
I SAY LET'S

ACT!

AND
NOW!

RAY!

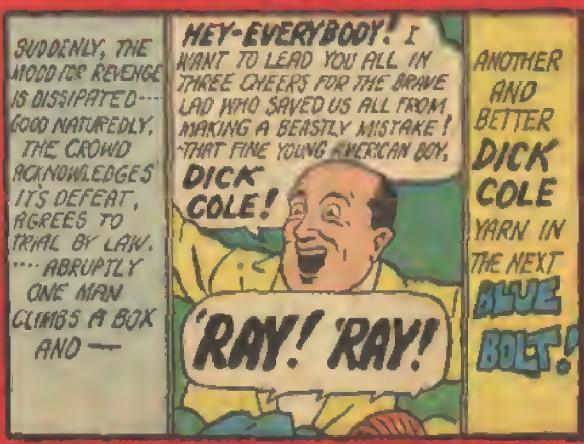
DICK MAKES HIS PHONE CALL, THEN
MOUNTS HIS BIKE AGAIN ...

NOW TO ZING
BACK THERE!

BACK IN TOWN, DICK IS APPALLED
BY THE SIGHT THAT GREETS HIM ...

HOLY CATS!
I'M TOO LATE!





SUB-ZERO

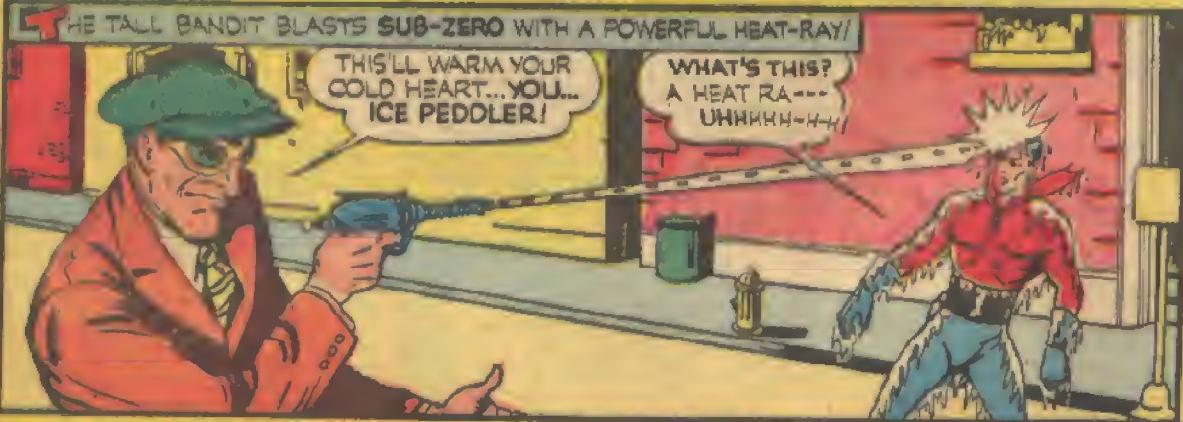
IT'S A HOLD-UP!

FOURTH CITY BANK

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, BOYS?

CITY BANK
DEPOSITS ONLY

SUB-ZERO... LONE SURVIVOR OF AN EXPEDITION THROUGH FROZEN SPACE FROM THE PLANET VENUS... HAS MASTERED COLD AND SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES... USING THESE POWERS IN HIS UNCEASING WAR ON EVIL!



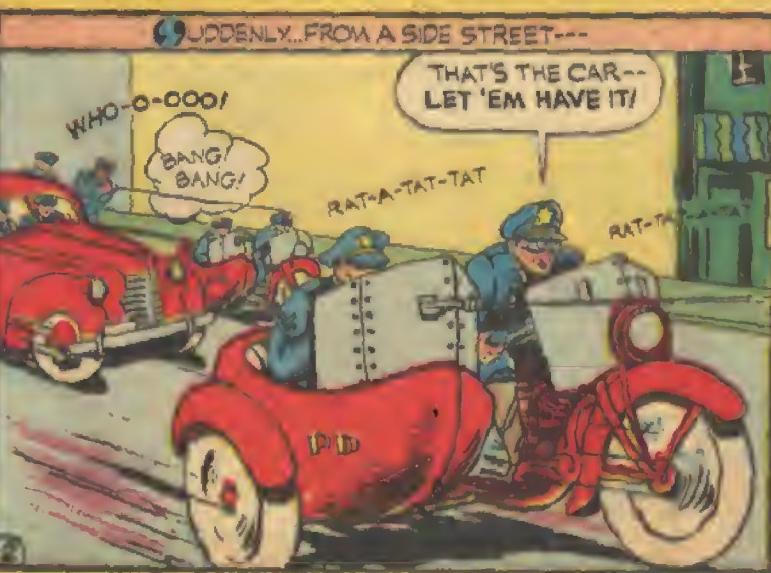
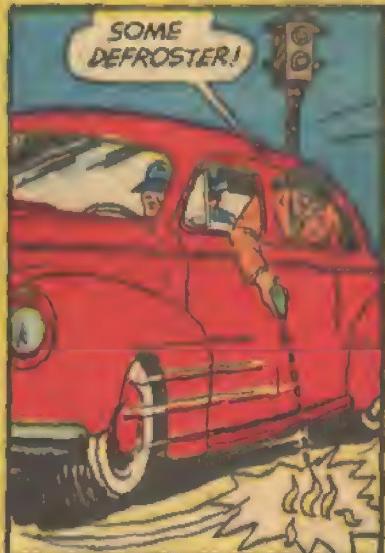
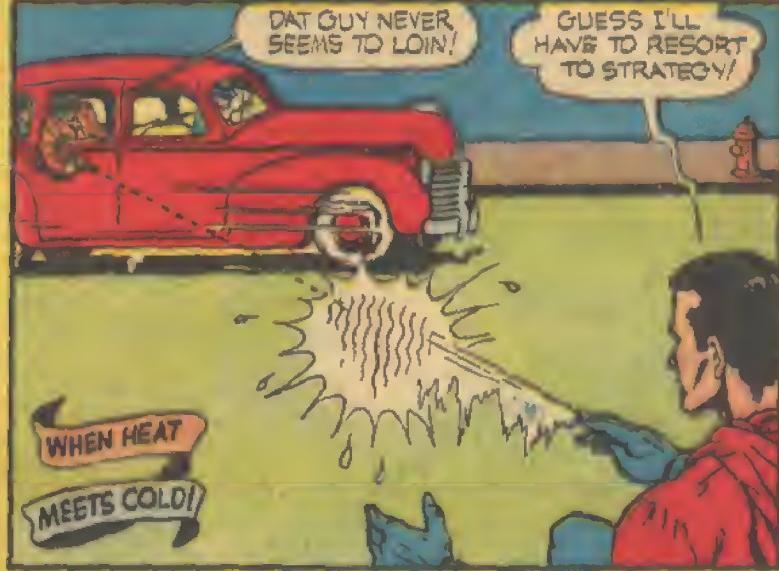
SUB-ZERO RECOVERS AND...

I'LL BLAST THEIR
RADIATOR TO BITS!

PAT
AFTER
6 AM

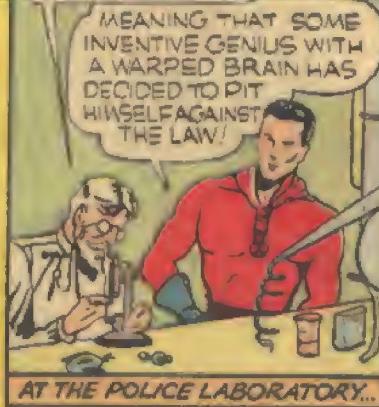
DAT GUY NEVER
SEEMS TO LOIN!

GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO RESORT
TO STRATEGY!





THE RAY MECHANISM IS MADE OF A SUBSTANCE THAT DEFIES ANALYSIS... BUT THE PURPLE FILTER ON THE MUZZLE INDICATES AN ULTRA INFRA-RED RAY!



AT THE POLICE LABORATORY...



(3)

HAT NIGHT TWO MEMBERS OF THE STICK-UP MOB CELEBRATE THEIR COUP WITH THEIR BOSS---FARGALL!



---IT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK IN CASE HE CROSSES OUR PATH AGAIN!



A FEW MORE DRINKS, AND...

COME ON, BOYS--IT'S TIME FOR THAT OTHER JOB!



MEANWHILE--SUB-ZERO PAYS A "VISIT" TO FARGALL'S APARTMENT--

JUST A HUNCH... BUT MAYBE I'LL FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE!



---VERY INTERESTING, INDEED!



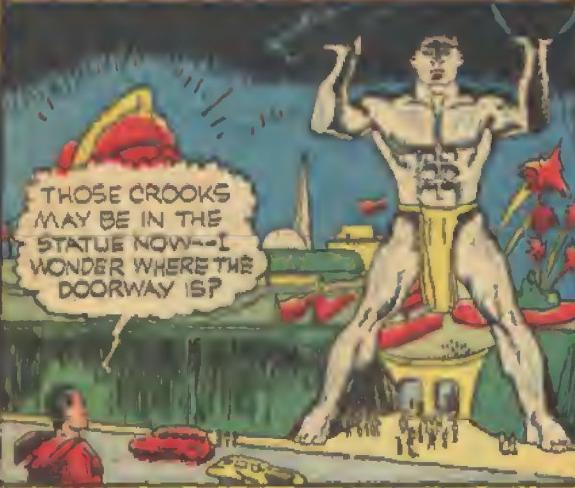
THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS STATUE AT THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION--WHY, THAT'S WHERE THE EXPOSITION OFFICIALS STORE THEIR WEEK-END RECEIPTS!



I'LL BET THEY'RE GOING TO PULL ANOTHER HOLD-UP--IF I CAN ONLY GET THERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THE EXPOSITION... CROWDS IN, HOLIDAY MOOD PASS THROUGH THE EXIT FORMED BY THE LIMBS OF THE HOLLOW STATUE...



THE LOCK'S BURNED OFF--PROBABLY BY A HEAT-RAY...



SUB-ZERO ENTERS THE GIANT FOOT...



SOME CLIMB... BUT HERE GOES!

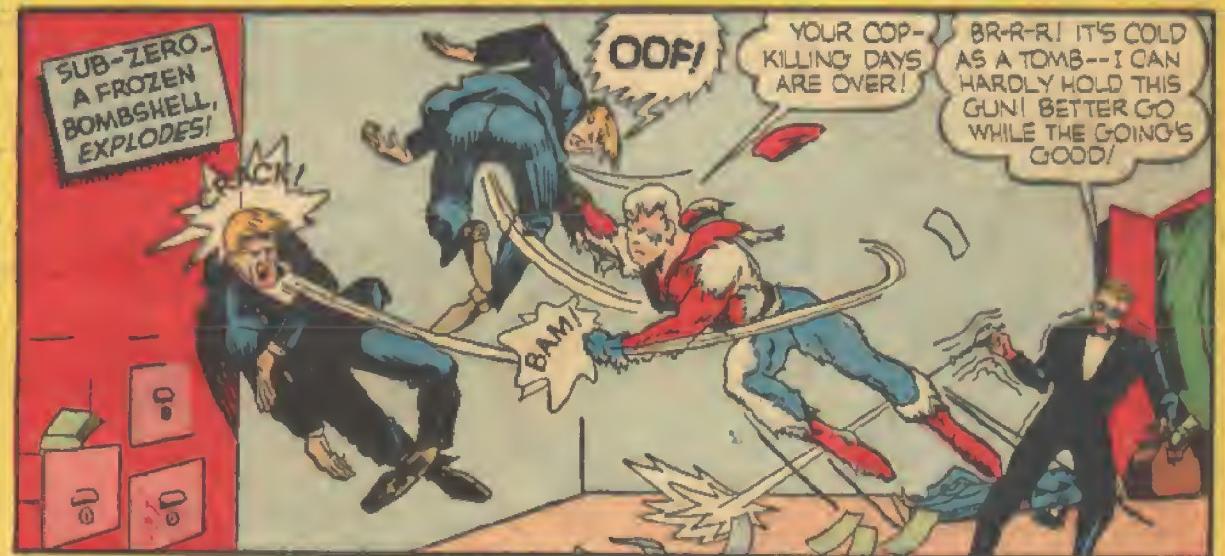


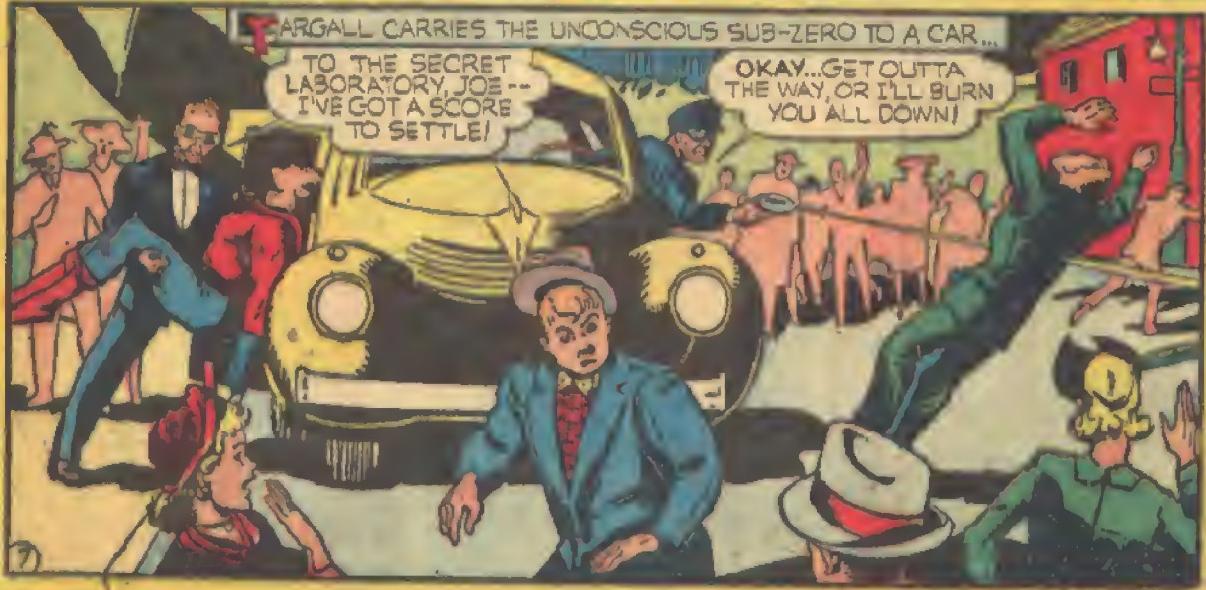
SUB-ZERO FREEZES HIS HANDS TO STRENGTHEN HIS GRIP---

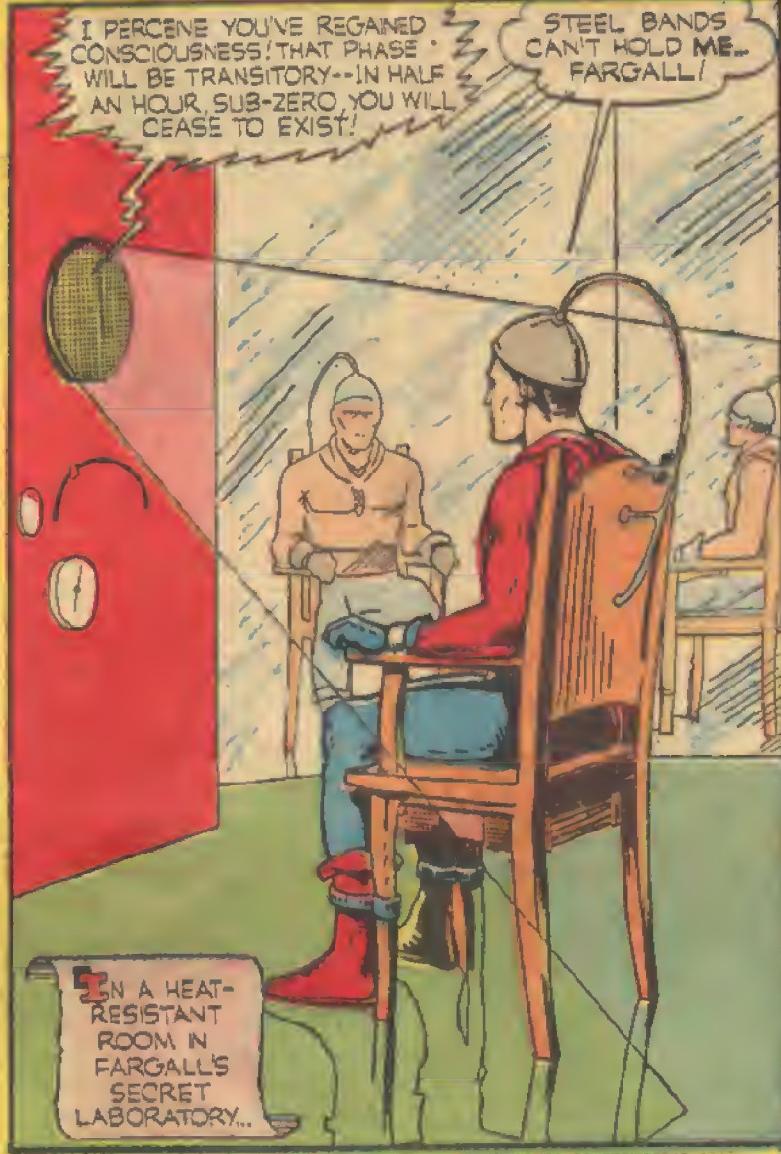


THE MONEY VAULT-- WITH A CABLE-CAR PARKED IN FRONT OF IT! I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!











Another
EXCITING
THRILLING
CHILLING
SUB-
ZERO
ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
BLUE BOLT

Sergeant Spook



SERGEANT SPOOK...
HAVING WITNESSED THE
SLAVERY OF THE GHOSTS
OF NORTHERN AFRICA
UNDER THE DESPOTIC
RULE OF KING TUT, VOWS
UPON HIS RETURN TO
GHOST TOWN THAT HE
SHALL NOT REST UNTIL
HE HAS GAINED
THEIR FREEDOM!

SPOOK HAS AN AUDIENCE
WITH PRESIDENT GEORGE
WASHINGTON OF GHOST TOWN.

SO YOU SEE, SIR... I AM
ASKING YOUR HELP TO FREE
THE POOR
SLAVE GHOSTS
OF NORTHERN
AFRICA!

THIS DESPOT, KING TUT--
MUST BE OVERTHROWN!

WASHINGTON'S CALL FOR
A VOLUNTEER ARMY IS
ANSWERED BY GHOSTS OF
ALL PERIODS--EAGER TO
HELP THEIR FELLOW MEN--

SOON EVERY ABLE-BODIED
GHOST HAS VOLUNTEERED--
AND SERGEANT SPOOK IS MADE
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF...

GHOST TRANSPORTS--SHIPS
OF EVERY PERIOD... SAIL
OUT OF GHOST TOWN HARBOR,
AND HEAD TOWARD AFRICA!



THE GHOSTS LAND ON AN UNINHABITED PART OF THE AFRICAN COAST--



SPOOK EXPLAINS THE REASON TO HIS FRIEND, DR. SHERLOCK --
BY LANDING HERE, THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS ON OUR SIDE!



UNKNOWN TO SERGEANT SPOOK, AN EVIL PAIR OF EYES WATCH THE DISEMBARKING OF THE GHOST TOWN ARMY...



THE WATCHER PROVES TO BE A GHOST SOLDIER OF KING TUT'S ARMY WHO HAD BEEN HUNTING...



AFTER CRASHING THROUGH THE JUNGLE-LIKE STRIP OF LAND THE SOLDIER REACHES THE DESERT...



EAPING ON HIS ARABIAN STALLION--HE GALLOPS TOWARD THE PALACE OF KING TUT...



AS HE RACES THROUGH THE PALACE YARD, HE LASHES OUT WITH HIS WHIP AT THE SLAVE GHOSTS WHO GET IN HIS PATH...



IN THE THRONE ROOM--

O GLORIOUS RULER OF ALL GHOSTS--I BRING NEWS OF AN APPROACHING ARMY!



EH? ARMY, YOU SAY? SPEAK UP! WHO DARES ATTACK THE REALM OF KING TUT?

CALL OUT THE ARMY--I SHALL SHOW THIS DOG HOW TO FIGHT!



THE MESSENGER TELLS HIS STORY...



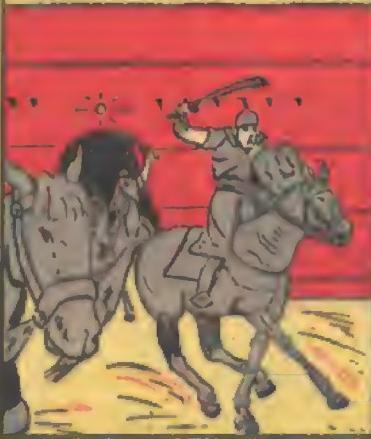
HO! THAT SERGEANT SPOOK PERSON HAS WASTED NO TIME!



KING TUT'S ARMY IS QUICKLY ORGANIZED...AND WITH THE EVIL KING LEADING THE FIRST DIVISION IN HIS ROYAL CHARIOT...THEY LEAVE THE PALACE AND HEAD OUT ACROSS THE DESERT...



...NEXT TO PASS THROUGH THE PALACE GATES ARE THE BARBARIC DESERT WARRIORS, MOUNTED ON ARABIAN HORSES...



...THEN COMES THE POWERFUL CAMEL CORP...



AS THIS MIGHTY HORDE RACES ACROSS THE DESERT, THE SLAVES LEFT BEHIND ARE BUSY BUILDING UP THE DEFENCES OF THE PALACE...



MEANWHILE THE GHOST TOWN ARMY IS MARCHING ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARD KING TUT'S PALACE!



FROM THE TOP OF A GREAT SAND DUNE LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE DESERT, SERGEANT SPOOK SEES---



QUICK... MEN--TAKE YOUR POSITIONS... HERE THEY COME!

THE CHARGING ARMY OF KING TUT HEADS ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARD SERGEANT SPOOK'S FORCES!



REMEMBER YOUR ORDERS, MEN--WE'LL SHOW THEM SOME OF THE OLD BUNKER HILL TACTICS!



KING TUT SUDDENLY SPIES SPOOK AND PART OF THE GHOST TOWN ARMY!



CHARGE!
I'LL MAKE
SLAVES
OF THESE
FOOLS!

IS THE FIRST DIVISION OF KING TUT'S ARMY REACH THE TOP OF THE GREAT SAND DUNE... THEY ARE GREETED WITH A VOLLEY FROM THE GHOST GUNS OF SPOOK'S ARMY!



THERE IS GREAT CONFUSION AND TERRIFIC FIGHTING AS BOTH ARMIES CLASH ON THE DESERT IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMID---



WITH MOST OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF HIS ARMY PARALYZED BY THE GHOST GUNS, KINGTUT, WHO MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED, CHARGES INTO THE GHOST TOWN ARMY WITH HIS CAMEL CORPS AND CAVALRY



SERGEANT SPOOK FIGHTS FIERCELY AS HE SEEKS OUT KING TUT ON THIS BLOODLESS BATTLEFIELD OF GHOSTS!



KING TUT, MEANWHILE, REALIZES THAT HE IS FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE! HE GATHERS HIS SCATTERED FORCES, AND FLEES ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARDS HIS PALACE!



KING TUT AND HIS ARMY REACH THE PALACE GROUNDS, AND THE MASSIVE GATES ARE SHUT ON SERGEANT SPOOK'S ADVANCING ARMY!

SERGEANT SPOOK HALTS HIS MEN BEFORE THE PALACE WALL...

BRING UP THE GHOST CANNONS!



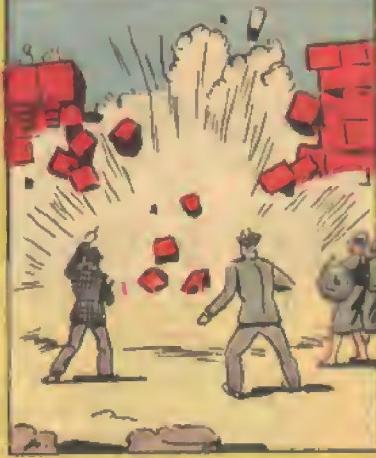
AS THE GHOST TOWN CANNONS ARE BEING PLACED... HUGE CATA-PULTS ON THE WALLS OF THE PALACE RAIN DOWN GREAT GHOST STONES ON SERGEANT SPOOK'S ARMY!



WITH THE CANNONS READY
SERGEANT SPOOK ISSUES
THE ORDER TO...



A TERRIFIC BLAST
CRUMPLES THE
PALACE WALLS!



RUNNING OVER THE CRUM-
PED WALLS, AND INTO THE
PALACE YARD...SERGEANT
SPOOK'S MEN LOCK GRIPS
WITH KING TUT'S ARMY AS
SPOOK DASHES INTO THE
PALACE IN SEARCH OF THE
DESPOT...



HAI DOO...SO YOU WISH
TO DO ME BATTLE? FOR
YOUR RASHNESS, YOU
WILL DIE!



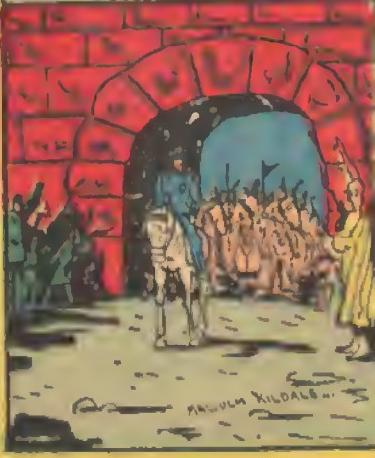
TUT! TUT! "TUT"---
YOU'RE BALMY! WE
CAN'T KILL ONE ANOTHER!
BUT THIS I CAN DO!



POOK DRAGS THE FALLEN
KING TO A WINDOW IN
THE PALACE, AND WHEN
"TUT'S" ARMY SEES THE
DEFEATED KING THEY
THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS!



WITH KING TUT IN EXILE...
HIS ARMY DISARMED...AND
THE SLAVES FREED--SPOOK
RETURNS TO GHOST TOWN
IN TRIUMPH!

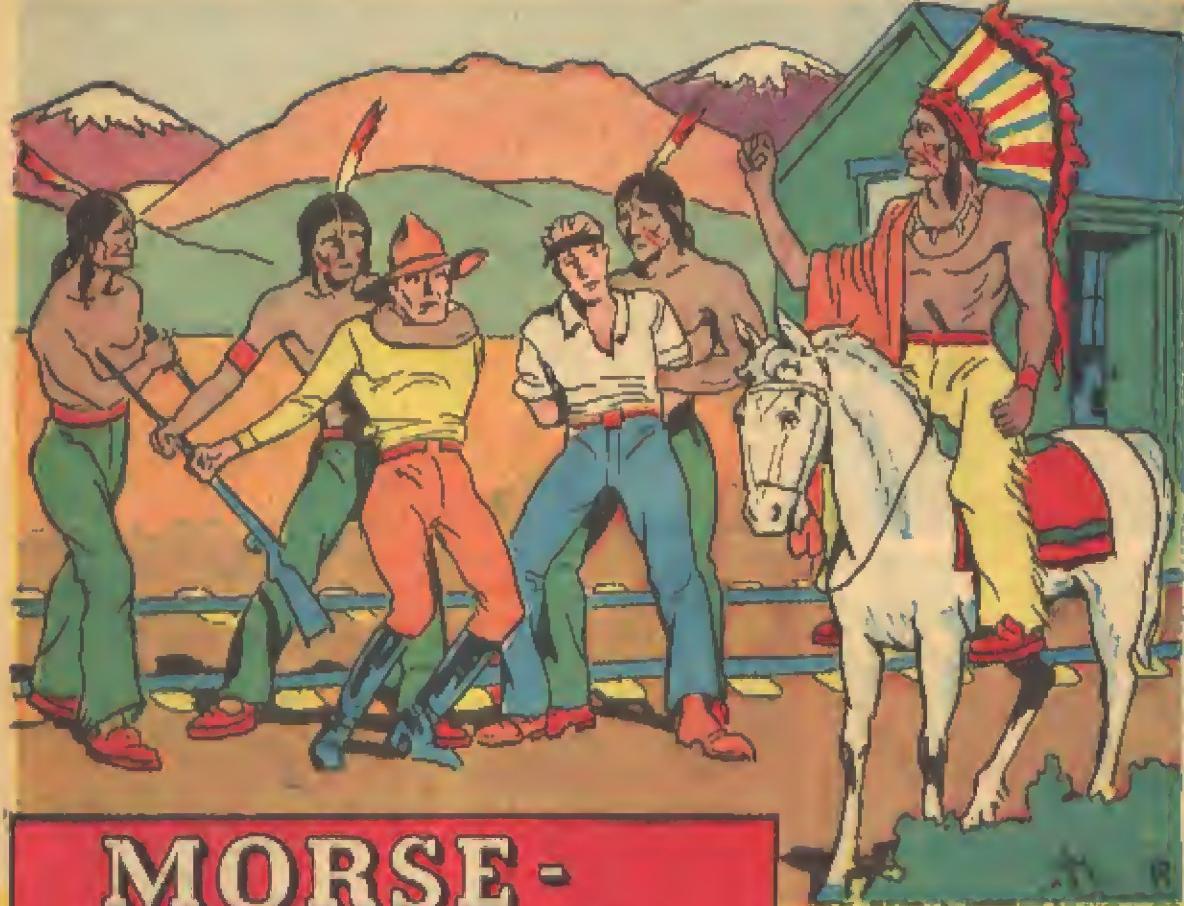


A NEW.....
ADVENTURE WITH...

**SERGEANT
SPOOK**

Appears In the Next
BLUE BOLT

BLUE BOLT'S SHORT SHORT STORY



MORSE-MEDICINE

by Andrew McWhiney

SUN-HAZED prairie rolled away from the tiny telegraph block-house, far north to dim, blue, snow-capped mountains; east and west to the sight's limit, slashed by the slender, daring rails of the new-laid transcontinental railroad; and south to where dusty trees marked a water-course. Save for a faint drift of black smoke to

the westward, and the lonely blockhouse, all was a vast emptiness. The year, 1870.

Telegraph operator Rance McDevitt finished his staccato report of westbound 14's passage, snapped his brow, opened the circuit, and turned to Cherry Creek Charlie, the scout, who lounged in the corner.

● Rance McDevitt's trick almost failed — until help came from out of the thin air!

"And that," stated Rance, "makes 24 hours in which the Da-ko-tahs didn't rip up the poles and line somewhere. Either, their red bosoms is fillin' with affection for us, which I don't believe, or them worthless troops from the fort is really pat-rollin' the line instead of losin' in the shade, which I believe even less."

Cherry Creek yawned.

"Cain't tell. Don't count on the Da-ko-tahs gettin' friendly. I hear different. They hate the railroad. In fact —"

"In fact, here they are now!" warned Rance. "Hidin' in the trees, they was, till 14 passed."

Cherry Creek sprang up and seized his rifle.

"Leave be," warned Rance. "Too many. Don't seem particular mad, either."

"Um," assented the scout, looking. "Mebbe wants parley." But he kept loose hold of the long Sharps rifle.

Hooves shook the ground, and pointed warriors surrounded the station. A splendidly bedaubed chief dismounted and advanced, followed by a score of mature fighting-Iroquois braves.

"Running Wolf!" whispered Cherry Creek. He opened the door. Surprised, the Da-ko-tahs halted, peering sharply.

"Howl!" grunted Cherry Creek.

Running Wolf returned the grunt. He seemed hesitant. Finally he stepped forward a pace and orated in the Da-ko-tah tongue. Rance was on edge.

Now Running Wolf finished, staring haughtily.

"He says," translated Cherry Creek, "they have come to see for themselves the lightning-that-talks." He nodded at the telegraph instrument. "Their medicine men tell 'em lightning-that-talks is evil medicine. Jealous, I guess. That's why they keep rootin' up the line."

"Yeah?" breathed Rance. "And—?"

"Running Wolf himself is neutral, but the medicine men have made some hot-headed braves believe you operators command trains to run or not run by the talking lightning. The trains frighten their squaws and herds, set fire to the grass and destroy the grazing, and drive away game. Bad medicine, see? The way to stop the trains is to kill the operators and wreck the wires. Then peace, see?"

RANCE thought. "Think Running Wolf is really neutral?" "Can't tell—he's tricky. Old, too. I heerd he's losin' control of the tribe. He'd probably like to play this the best way for himself. Depends. If he could blame it on somebody else without bringin' out the troops..."

At this a tall, haughty warrior advanced and harangued his chief. Others fingered their scalp knives and moved up. Rance went cold. "Nice to have known you, Cherry Creek," he muttered.

"Yeah? Don't forget. I'm a witness. They'll have to shut me up, too."

Suddenly Running Wolf nodded decisively. Both men were surrounded and seized.

"Listen!" Rance yelled. The startled Da-ko-tahs hesitated, looked at Running Wolf.

"Talk fast!" snapped Rance. "Tell 'em I can prove lightning-that-talks is good medicine for a chief. Ask him if he were on the war-path, and needed Yellow Bird, from beyond the fort, how long it would take a messenger to send word."

Cherry Creek translated. "He says 'three suns!'"

"Tell him I'll get Yellow Bird here in one sun! He must pretend he needs him!"

"Whoa!" cautioned Cherry Creek. "How d'ye know Yellow Bird ain't off chasin' rainbows somewhere?"

"He's around—I got the cavalry check-up on the wire not an hour ago!"

Cherry Creek grinned. "Gotcha! We'll try it!"

With heavy, hideous diplomacy he addressed the chief. Rance sensed Running Wolf's temptation. Watching, he knew the man could not afford to miss this chance to regain his failing authority. Finally he ordered his men away.

Rance closed circuit and got the fort. Quickly, emphatically, he outlined the situation. The other men rapped: "Do what I can. Good luck!"

"Good luck!" mimicked Rance. "That's a new man, fresh from Chicago. The regular operator would have twisted Yellow Bird's hair till he got started. Now we'll have to take a chance."

SUNSET blurred the northern peaks; day's glory languished to dusk. Somehow the fierce brilliance of the enormous stars heightened Rance's despair. He must not lose hope.

Hours dragged with forced conversation. Rance wondered how the Da-ko-tahs stayed so alert, so watchful. He dozed uncomfortably. Night was endless. Fatigued and stiff, they watched dawn set the prairie ablaze again.

"Come to think of it," said the scout, "there'll be questions when you don't get on the wire today. Won't they send troops then?"

"Sunday," said the operator. "No trains."

Morning dragged on. Day began to smoulder with insufferable heat. Dazed, Rance lost track of time.

"Yellow Bird collapsed of sun-stroke," hazarded the scout.

Rance stirred. "That tenderfoot at the fort," he growled, "must be waitin' for Congress to sign a treaty with these vermin."

In mid-afternoon Cherry Creek ventured: "Guess that treaty didn't pass, or Yellow Bird would have been here."

The warriors were restless now; Cherry Creek said they wanted to settle matters. "Glad we got a politician in charge," he said. "While he stalls, we live."

Afternoon burned on slowly. Rance grew desperate. Running Wolf controlled the Da-ko-tahs with difficulty. Then the sun began to set. Running Wolf's gamble had failed. He spoke at length.

"He says you're a fraud," said Charlie laconically. "It's over now. Watch me get that, tall coyote, though."

Running Wolf made a chopping gesture with his tomahawk and pointed at the whites. His men sprang forward. Suddenly, outside, a warrior yelled shrilly. Everyone looked. A lookout behind the station gestured toward the east with his spear.

Far across the prairie stormed a wavering line of horsemen, bristling with spears and tomahawks. Their shields looked like spread sails driving them through the angry surf of hoof-lashed dust.

Cherry Creek's howl was ear-splitting. "Yellow Bird!"

Running Wolf's face was full of wonder as he spurred forward.

"He wants to kiss you," grinned the scout. "Go ahead — be a sport!"

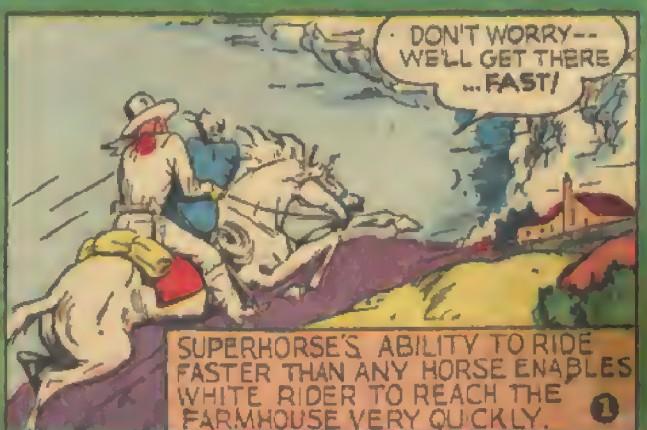
The

WHITE RIDER:

and

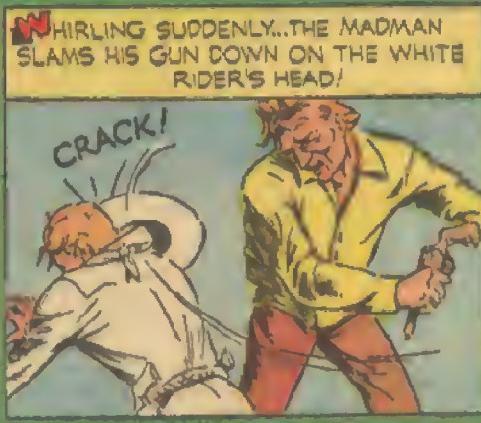
SUPER HORSE

FEARED IN A STRANGE "LOST CANYON" WHERE THE STRONG PULL OF GRAVITY CAUSED A SUPER DEVELOPMENT OF THEIR MUSCULAR POWERS... THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE CONTINUE THEIR NEVER-CEASING BATTLE AGAINST CRIME AND OPPRESSION... IN THE STRANGE HALF LIGHT OF DAWN, THESE TWO COMPANIONS OF THE PLAINS ENCOUNTER A WEIRD SIGHT---





TAKING ADVANTAGE OF
THE MADMAN'S Distracted
ATTENTION, THE WHITE RIDER
LEAPS FORWARD, BUT...



MEANWHILE...SUPER-
HORSE, SEEING THE MAD-
MAN'S HORSE RACING
AWAY--STARTS AFTER
HIM!



BUT SUPERHORSE'S KEEN SENSE OF HEARING COMES TO HIS RESCUE... EVEN AS THE RIDER RACES TO HIS AID, THE GREAT HORSE WHIRLS--



--AND IN A FEW SECONDS THE MANIAC IS SUBDUED AND BOUND!



WHERE'S YOUR DAUGHTER, MA'AM?



JANE... WAS TOOK BY T'OTHER ONE, MISTER-- YOU'VE GOT TUH FIND HER...



COME ON CLOUD-- LET'S GO!

WE'RE BEING FOLLERED! THEY CAN'T DO THAT TUH ME... GIT UP, HOSS!

HELP!!



THAT'S THE GIRL-- ALL RIGHT--FASTER, CLOUD!



YOU'VE GOTTA QUIET DOWN--THERE! NOW I CAN KEEP THAT RIDER OFF!



CROSSING A WEAK WOODEN BRIDGE--THE MADMAN SUDDENLY DISMOUNTS...

THIS'LL FIX HIM!



ATHE CRAFTINESS OF INSANITY HELPS THE SHEEPHERDER TO LAY A DANGEROUS TRAP...



AFEW MOMENTS LATER--

LOOK OUT CLOUD! BACK!

THEY'LL FALL AND DROWN! THEY WON'T FOLLER ME ANYMORE-- EVER...GIT UP!



THE BRIDGE COLLAPSES... PLUNGES THE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE INTO THE STREAM!



RISING TO THE SURFACE--SUPERHORSE FAILS TO FIND HIS MASTER!



QUICKLY DIVING BENEATH THE SURFACE, SUPERHORSE FINDS THE RIDER CAUGHT BENEATH A HUGE IRON-BOUND SPAR...



HAVING FREED THE WHITE RIDER, SUPERHORSE TENDERLY CLUTCHES THE RIDER'S ARM AND BRINGS HIM TO SHORE!



THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE, CLOUD... BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP ON!



THE TRAIL LEADS STEADILY UPWARDS, UNTIL...

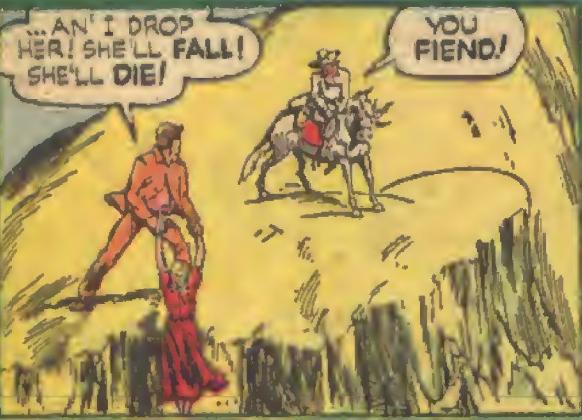


THE WHITE RIDER DRAWS HIS GUN AND AIMES... BUT THE HAMMER CLICKS HARMLESSLY---THE POWDER IS WET...



HA! HA! I'VE STILL GOT THE GIRL! STAY AWAY, MISTER---TAKE ONE MORE STEP...





SUPERHORSE OBEDIENT HIS MASTER'S COM-
MAND, MOVES TOWARD THE MADMAN...BUT
STOPS JUST OUT OF REACH, HOPING TO
LURE HIM BACK FROM THE CLIFF'S EDGE!

WHILE SUPERHORSE MOVES TOWARD THE
MADMAN, THE RIDER CLIMBS DOWN THE
CLIFF, HOPING TO GET BENEATH THE SUS-
PENDED GIRL!



MEANWHILE, AS SUPERHORSE
PAUSES--THE MADMAN LUNGE
AT HIM--LOSING HIS GRIP---

--AND HURLES DOWN THE CLIFF WITH THE GIRL--



BUT AS THE RIDER REACHES FOR HIM--THE TERRIFIED SHEPHERDER SLIPS--

OHHH!

HE'S GONE...AND SO ARE WE,
UNLESS I CAN GET THIS UN-
CONSCIOUS GIRL UP THE CLIFF!
THE ROPE WON'T REACH
THE BOTTOM...

THE RIDER HITS UPON A PLAN--

IF ONLY CLOUD CAN
CATCH THIS ROCK...

WITH ONE END OF THE ROPE TIED
AROUND HIS BODY, THE RIDER, TOSSES
THE OTHER END UP TO SUPERHORSE--

CATCH THIS,
CLOUD...AND
PULL!

--BUT MISSES!

THE SECOND ATTEMPT PROVES
SUCCESSFUL...MAKING A DESPERATE
GRAB, SUPERHORSE CATCHES
THE ROPE

HOLDING THE ROPE TIGHTLY,
SUPERHORSE SLOWLY BACKS
AWAY--RAISING THE GIRL AND
HIS MASTER TO SAFETY!

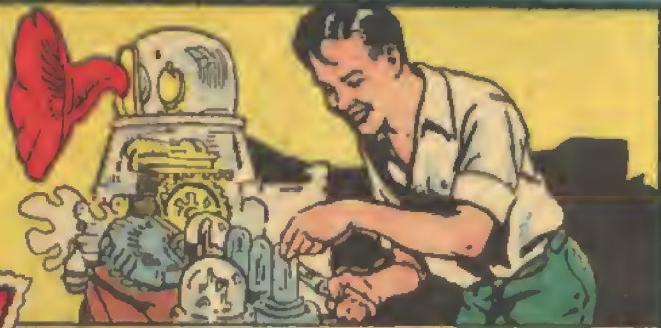
KEEP...ON,
BOY! PULL!

WE'RE SAFE NOW, BOY..THANKS
TO YOU! WELL REST A MOMENT,
THEN TAKE JANE TO HER PARENTS!

SUPERHORSE
APPEARS NEXT MONTH
in BLUE BOLT---- O

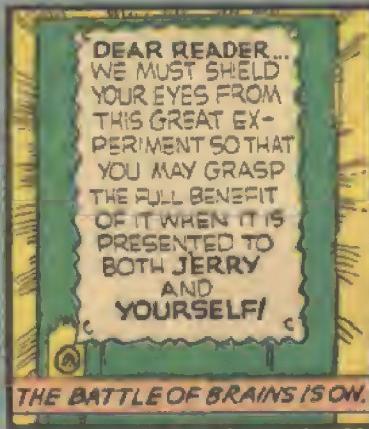


EDISON BELL



JERRY EDISON BELL'S PAL...IS ALL STEAMED UP WITH A NEW IDEA THAT HE THINKS WILL OUTDO EDDIE'S VERY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS!





EVER TALK TO A PAPER CUP?
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

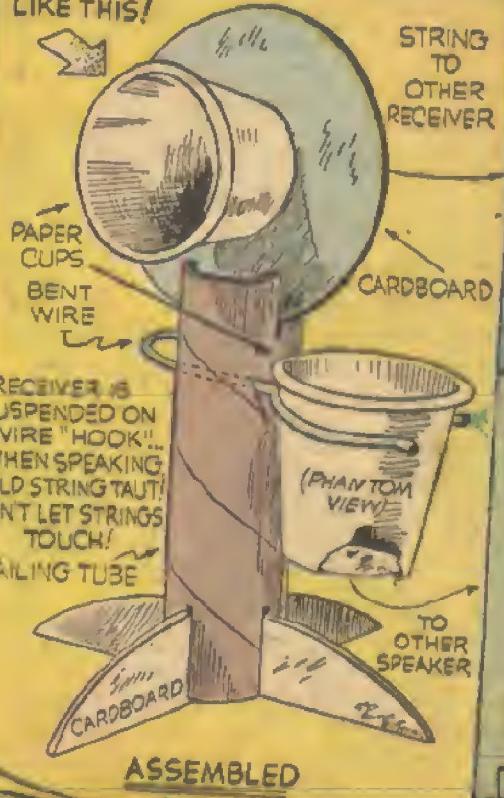
MAKE THESE:

PAPER CUP / Telephones

LOTS OF FUN!

THEY WORK SWELL!

MAKE TWO LIKE THIS!



ALL YOU NEED IS A BALL OF STRONG TWINE... A FEW PIECES OF CARDBOARD... TWO SIX INCH LENGTHS OF MAILING TUBE... AND FOUR ROUND PAPER CUPS. STRETCH THE STRING TIGHTLY, AND SPEAK TO YOUR PALS!

INSERT STRING THROUGH PIN-HOLE IN BOTTOM CENTER OF EACH CUP, AND KNOT IT.

CUT TUBE TO INSERT PIECES... BASE CUT AS SHOWN TO FIT TOGETHER.

A diagram showing the assembled paper cup telephone. It shows two paper cups connected by a string. One cup has a cardboard tube attached to its side. Labels include: "PIECE THAT HOLDS SPEAKER IS INSERTED INTO TOP SLIT IN TUBE.", "CUP INSERTED HALF-WAY...", and "CARDBOARD".

STREAM ENGINEER

RUNAWAY RONSON

THE COLD HANDS OF DEATH REACH OUT FOR THE FIFTH TIME IN THE STEVENS' LUMBER RACE

THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE, BALDWIN M-1 MOUNTAIN-TYPE LOCOMOTIVE WITH A DRAG OF THIRTY FLAT-CARS THUNDERS INTO THE LOADING JUNCTION OF THE CARTIER AND THE OVERHOLT LUMBER CAMPS. RIVALS IN THE ANNUAL LUMBER RACE....



NICE PEACEFUL LITTLE PLACE! EVEN A RECEPTION COMMITTEE TO MEET US!



IN THE ENGINE CAB IS "RUNAWAY" RONSON, FAMOUS AS THE RAILROAD'S FASTEST ENGINEER.

HEY CARTIER... LOOK AT TH' PRETTY-BOY WHO'S GONNA TAKE OVERHOLT'S LUMBER THROUGH! YEAH SAY— MAYBE WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM BEFORE TH' RACE! GIVE HIM TH' WORKS HANK!



HEY, YOU—GET THIS CRATE OUT OF HERE! HOW DO YOU EXPECT US TO FINISH LOADIN' TH' OTHER TRAIN?

ASK SOMEBODY ELSE—NOT ME! NOW, BEAT IT, BUD!

A WISE GUY, EH?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS—BUT I GUESS TWO CAN PLAY IT AS WELL AS ONE!

WHAT TH—?



CARTIER'S MAN IS ABOUT TO CLUB THE ENGINEER...



WELL I'LL BE—NICE SHOOTING, MR.—

MR.—

SHANTY OVERHOLT FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, YOU MUST BE MY ENGINEER, RUNAWAY, RONSON!

RUNAWAY YES! NOW RONSON—MND? GET OFF THE....

PROPERTY... AND TAKE YOUR TRAMPS WITH YOU!

..WHEN SUDDENLY, THE CRACK OF A RIFLE FILLS THE AIR!



WELL, SON... YOU'VE HAD
A TASTE OF WHAT YOU'RE
UP AGAINST!
THEY'LL
STOP AT
NOTHING!

NICE BUNCH
OF BOYS!

CARTIER HAS WRECKED MY TRAINS AND KILLED MY MEN FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS! I KNOW IT MYSELF... BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT! IF MY TRAIN CRACKS UP THIS TIME, IT MEANS I'M THROUGH AS A LUMBER MAN!

HMM-MM—THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN I THOUGHT! WELL, CARTIER IS GOING TO HAVE HIS HANDS FULL IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO DO ANY DIRTY WORK THIS TIME!



THAT NIGHT... AFTER OVERHOLT'S LUMBER HAD BEEN LOADED ON TO THE TRAIN, RUNAWAY HAS GUARDS PLACED ALL AROUND IT...



BUT—IN BETWEEN THE CARS OF CARTIER'S TRAIN...

TOO MANY OF 'EM—THEY'D SEE US!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER,
A RATTLING NOISE ATTRACTS
THE GUARD ATOP THE TRAIN.



AS THE GUARD TURNS,
HANK, CARTIER'S FOREMAN,
DARTS TO OVERHOLT'S TRAIN.



ALL SET!
BOSS, YOU'RE
A GENIUS!

C'MON—
THE RACE
IS AS
GOOD AS
WON!



HE FINGERS WITH SOMETHING UNDERNEATH A CAR...



AND LEAVES AGAIN, UNSEEN
UNAWARE THAT A NAIL
HAD TORN A PATCH OUT
OF HIS TROUSERS!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING,
EVERYTHING SEEMING IN
PERFECT ORDER, THE TWO
TRAINS START OFF ON THEIR
RACE TO THE STEVENS MILLS.



WELL, CARTIER—THIS TIME
YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE
THAT GOLD PLAQUE AND
ALL THE PRESTIGE THAT
GOES WITH IT... OR I'LL
EAT EVERY LOG ON THIS
TRAIN!



THE TWO TRAINS THUNDER
ALONG THE IRON PIKE...
RUNAWAY FORGING AHEAD
WITH EVERY FOOT OF
THE DANGEROUS RUN.



OVER THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE...
...THEN, THE STEEP, WINDING
DESCENT ON THE OTHER
SIDE!



THE HISS OF AIR-BRAKES
SOUNDS FROM THE ENGINE!
BUT—ONLY A RATTLE OF
CARS BANGING TOGETHER
FROM THE DRAG RESULTS!



THIS MEANT TIGHTENING
HAND-BRAKES ON THIRTY
CARS FOR THE BRAKEMEN—
AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
TASK!



ID BETTER CHECK
THE DRAG—TOO
STEEP TO TAKE
AT FULL
SPEED!

JUMPING
CATFISH—
THE AIR HOSE
IS JAMMED!

HURRY—OH
WE'LL JUMP!

SO THAT RAT, CARTIER,
FIXED THINGS ANYWAY!
BUT NOT WELL ENOUGH
TO FOOL ME! ANDY—SEE
THAT THE BRAKE PRESSURE
STAYS AT FORTY POUNDS—
I'M GOING BACK!



SOMETHING NOPE—JUST
GONE A LITTLE
WRONG? MISCALCULATION
ON YOUR PART!

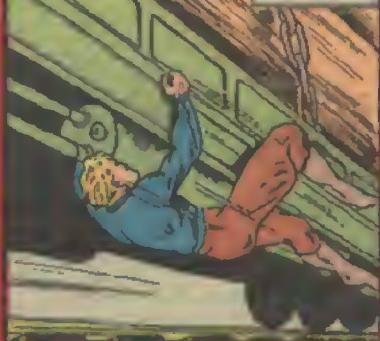


ONE OF CARTIER'S HENCH-
MEN ON THE ADJOINING
TRAIN JIBES AT RUNAWAY.

INSTEAD OF GOING FOR
THE HAND BRAKE RUNAWAY
SCRAMBLES DOWN THE
MIDDLE OF THE CAR...



...AND HANGING IN MID-AIR,
REACHES UNDER THE FLAT-
CAR.



JUST AS I THOUGHT—
THE AUXILIARY-TANK VALVE
IS CLOSED! WELL—WHAT'S
THIS—A PATCH TORN
OUT OF SOMEONE'S
TROUSERS!



MEANWHILE... ON CARTIER'S
TRAIN....



USING A CANT-HOOK, HANK
UNHOOKS THE CHAINS
HOLDING THE TIMBER ON
TO THE FLAT-CAR UNDER
WHICH RUNAWAY IS WORKING



HERE'S TH' LAST CHAIN...
AN' TH' END OF THAT
SMART GUY!



AS RUNAWAY CLOSES THE
VALVE, THE TIMBER STARTS
TO ROLL OFF THE CAR.



THE FALLING TIMBER DOES NO HARM—
BUT, THE SUDDEN SLOWING
DOWN OF OVERHOLT'S TRAIN
CATCHES HANK UNAWARE...
UNABLE TO GET HIS CANT-
HOOK OUT OF THE CHAIN IN
TIME, HE IS PULLED OVER
ONTO RUNAWAY'S CAR.

AS RUNAWAY CLIMBS OVER THE SIDE OF THE CAR ...

WELL — WE MEET AGAIN! SO YOU'RE THE GUY THAT UNHOOKED THE CHAINS OVER THE TIMBER!

SO WHAT?

PICKING UP HIS CANT-HOOK, HANK RUSHES SAVAGELY AT RUNAWAY.

NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH!

ONLY TO BE STOPPED BY CRASHING IRON FISTS!



WELL — I SEE THAT THIS PATCH I FOUND UNDER THE TRAIN MATCHES THE HOLE MADE IN YOUR TROUSERS, PERFECTLY!



KINDA TIES THINGS UP PRETTY WELL, EH, BUD? LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE LAST RACE YOU AND I WILL FIX!

YEAH! WELL, CARTIER, WE'LL SEE!



WE "SAW" ALL RIGHT. THE JURY FOUND HANK GUILTY, AND IT WAS THE LAST OF THE CROOKED LUMBER-TRAIN RACES TO STEVENS MILLS!



OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

WE MUST ALL HANG TOGETHER OR ASSUREDLY
WE SHALL ALL HANG SEPARATELY.....



FRANKLIN, THE 15th OF 17 CHILDREN, BEGAN
LIFE AS AN APPRENTICE IN HIS FATHER'S
TALLOW SHOP.



THE NEXT WENT TO WORK FOR ONE
OF HIS ELDER BROTHERS, A PRINTER.



AT NIGHT HE WROTE - TELLING
TO HIS BROTHERS, PAPER -

WHICH HE SLIPPED UNDER THE SHOP
DOOR AND WHICH HIS BROTHER, NOT
KNOWING THEIR AUTHORSHIP,
PUBLISHED.



WHEN THE BROTHER
DISCOVERED THIS
HE REFUSED TO
USE BEN'S WORK.
BEN, DISGUSTED,
RAN AWAY
FROM HOME.



FRANKLIN BECAME RICH
AND SUCCESSFUL HE ENTERED THE
PENNSYLVANIA ASSEMBLY AND
BECAME POSTMASTER, INTRODUCING
THE THEN FAST SERVICE-PONY EXPRESS



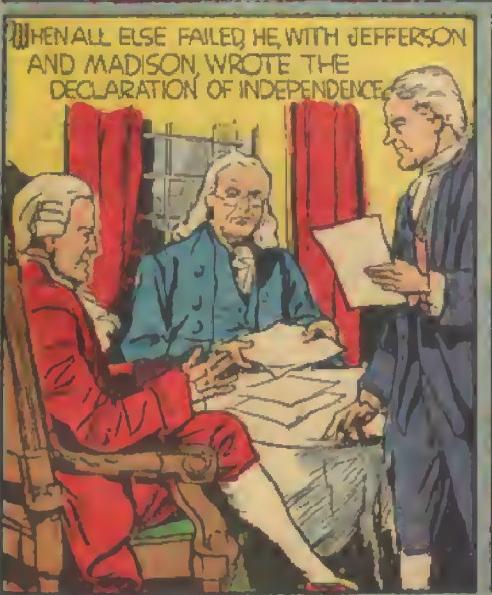
DURING THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR HE PERSONALLY FINANCED
THE TRANSPORTATION OF BRADDOCK'S SUPPLIES.



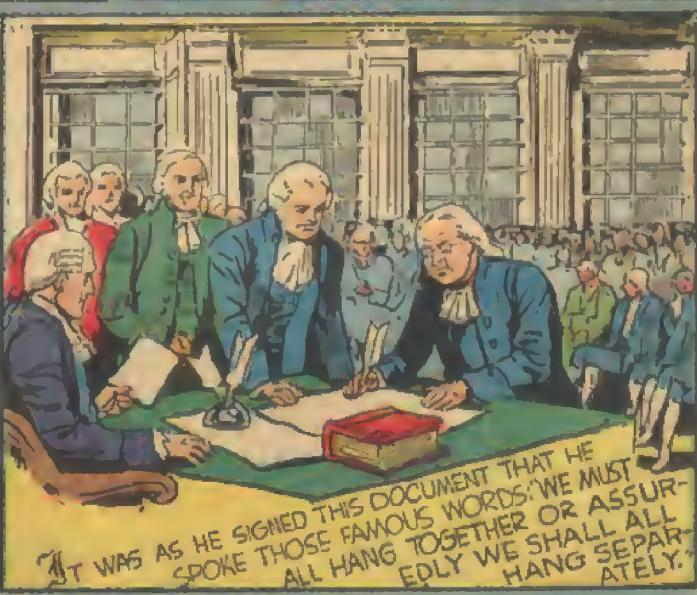
THE ILL-
FATED EXPEDITION
ENDED IN BRADDOCK'S
DEFEAT AND
DEATH.



IN 1775 HE PLEADED THE CAUSE OF THE COLONIES
BEFORE THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN
AN EFFORT TO AVOID WAR.



WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED HE, WITH JEFFERSON
AND MADISON WROTE THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



"IT WAS AS HE SIGNED THIS DOCUMENT THAT HE
SPOKE THOSE FAMOUS WORDS: WE MUST
ALL HANG TOGETHER OR ASSUR-
EDLY WE SHALL ALL
HANG SEPAR-
ATELY."

PONY TRACKS

THE PURPLE COW RODEO
IS OVER--OUR HEROES
FEEL THEY HAVE BEEN
DISGRACED...THE
JOUSTING BOUT WAS
NOT A SUCCESS! THE
BOYS ARE NOW
TRYING TO GET AWAY!

JASPER!
DARLING!
YOO-HOO!
CRISCO...
HONEY!

WE'RE LEAVIN'
THESE PARTS,
PRONTO!

by JACK A.
WARREN

NOW THAT WE'RE FUGITIVES FROM THE
CHUCK HOUSE...NO JOBS AND NO DINERO--
JUST WHAT DO WE DO...MR. BIG BRAIN?

I DON'T
KNOW!

OUR THIRTY YEARS SAVIN'S GONE! NO
SADDLES...NO HORSES...NO DINERO! WE'RE
JUST NOTHIN' BUT A COUPLE TRAMPS--
AN' I DON'T MEAN SADDLE TRAMPS!
IT'S JUST PLUMB MORTIFYIN'...

WHAT ARE YOU SQUAWKIN'
'BOUT? WE STARTED OUT
TO SEE TH' WORLD,
DIDN'T WE?...I SAY,
DIDN'T WE?

WHY I EVER
STARTED OUT TO
SEE TH' WORLD
WITH YOU AS A
GUIDE...I DON'T
KNOW!

THEM'S TH' DAH-GONEST HIGHEST
BUILDIN'S I EVER DID SEE! I FEEL
KINDA PENT IN...KINDA SUFFI-
CATIN' LIKE!

GOSH--
I'M SURE
HUNGRY!

SOME TIME LATER...

MORE
TROUBLE!

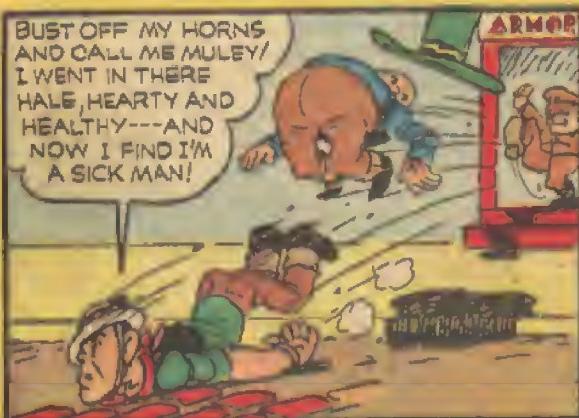
DAH-GONE! I'VE
GOT IT!--THEM
GIRLS NEVER WILL
FIND US WHERE
WE'RE GOIN'!

THERE'S TH' ANSWER
TO ALL OUR TROUBLES!

JOIN THE
ARMY

IF MY
UNCLE
WANTS ME,
I'M READY!

AND SEE THE
WORLD.
WHY NOT NOW?



MAYBE IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE
WE GOTTA BE INTRODUCED--I'VE HEARD
SOME FOLKS IS KINDA PARTICULAR
THAT-A-WAY!

NAH! I THINK IT'S
BECAUSE THEY AIN'T
SAWYED WHAT
FINE GENTS WE IS!

I'M GONNA BUST A FEW OF YOU HAIRPINS
'ROUND HERE, IF YA DON'T QUIT TIPPIN' YOUR
HATS TO US!



SIR, I'M ONLY A PRIVATE
AND KNOW MY PLACE--
THE BOOK OF ARMY
REGULATIONS SAYS...

WHAT DOES
THAT BOOK SAY,
MR. PRIVATE?

I SALUTE YOU FIRST,
THEN YOU MUST RETURN
THE SALUTE! THAT IS
SHOWING RESPECT FOR
THE UNIFORM AND
RECOGNIZING YOU AS
MY SUPERIOR!

HE MEANS THEY
TIP THEIR HATS
FIRST... THEN
WE TIPS OURS!



IT'S A LOCO IDEA, BUT I RECKON IT'S
ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE THEY CAN
SEE WE KNOWS HORSES, HUH?

WELL--WE'LL
HUMOR 'EM
FOR A
WHILE!

REMEMBER, WE ONLY TIP OUR HATS
WHEN AND AFTER THEY TIP THEIR'S!
THAT IS CALLED SALUTIN'!



ARREST THOSE TWO CAPTAINS! THROW THEM IN THE GUARD HOUSE...TREAT 'EM ROUGH!

YES SIR!



HALT!

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

I HAVE A FEELIN' YOUR IDEA OF US JOININ' TH' ARMY IS LIKE ALL TH' OTHER BRAIN STORMS YOU GET--NO GOOD!

WHO? US?

DO THEY ALLOW YOU TO PACK HEAVY ARTILLERY LIKE YOU GOT ON!

TSK! TSK!



HEY.. BE CAREFUL HOW YOU USE THEM BUTCHER KNIVES--I MIGHT GET MAD!

SHUT UP, YOU FAT LUMP! WE IS IN BAD!

GIT!



CUT OUT



BACKGROUND

PATENTED BY 4
ACME-COMIC BOOK CO.
AU-187723

THIS IS YOUR FAULT!
IF WE'D STAYED ON AT
TH' PURPLE COW DUDE
RANCH, WE'D BE EATIN'
REAL FOOD! GOSH... I
WONDER IF THAT LIL'
OLE FAT GAL THINKS
OF ME?

I CAN'T FIGURE
OUT WHY WE'RE
IN THIS JAIL
HOUSE! HMM--

HEY, GUARD!--WHY
IS WE IN THIS LIL'
OLE JAIL-HOUSE?

BECAUSE--THAT WAS
THE GENERAL..... THE
SAME WHICH YOU
FAILED TO SALUTE...
FIRST!!



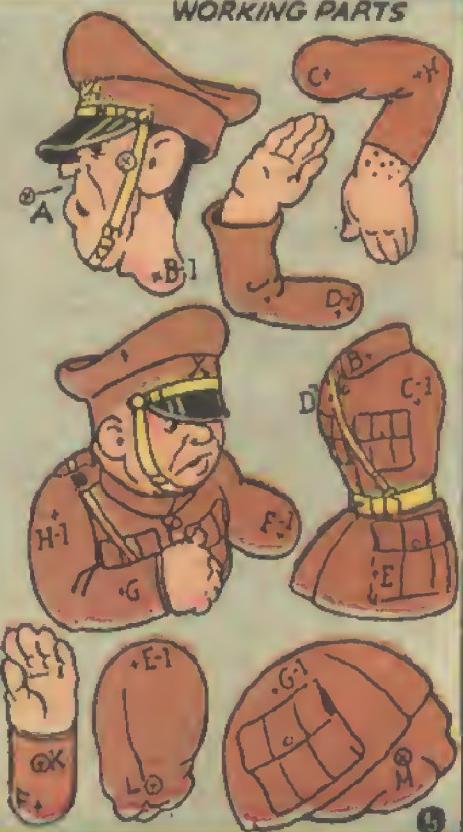
FIRST THEY TELL US TO TIP
OUR HATS TO THEM WHAT
TIPS THEIRS FIRST! THEN,
THEY THROW US IN JAIL
CAUSE WE DIDN'T TIP
FIRST! SUCH IS LIFE IN
TH' HORSE MARINES!

Next
issue...
will find
JASPER
and CRISCO
TRYING TO
GET DEMOT-
ED AND ANY-
THING CAN
HAPPEN IN
The HORSE
MARINES!

JACK A. WARREN'S ANIMATED CARTOON - CUTOUTS

DIRECTIONS....CUT OUT BACKGROUND ON
OPPOSITE PAGE, AND THE WORKING PARTS
ON THIS PAGE...WITH PASTE OR RUBBER
CEMENT, MOUNT THEM ON CARDBOARD OR
STIFF PAPER...CUT OUT LARGE HOLE ON
BACKGROUND--DOTTED LINE--CUT OUT
WORKING PARTS CAREFULLY! TAKE NEEDLE
AND THREAD--DOUBLE--KNOT THREAD
UP CLOSE AND SEW THROUGH AT POINT A.
KNOT THREAD UP CLOSE...LEAVE ABOUT TWO
INCH KNOT, AND TRIM OFF...NEXT SEW THROUGH
AT POINT B TO POINT B-1...PULL PIECES UP
CLOSE, KNOT THREAD, AND TRIM...REPEAT
AT POINT C TO C-1...D TO D-1...E TO E-1...F
TO F-1...G TO G-1...H TO H-1...NEXT SEW
THROUGH PART AT POINT J TO J-1...ON
BACKGROUND--NEXT K TO K-1...L TO L-1...
AND M TO M-1...PULL THREAD LEFT AT
POINT A THROUGH HOLE ON BACKGROUND--
TURN THREAD AT BACK AND SEE THEM
SALUTE!

WORKING PARTS



The Phantom Sub

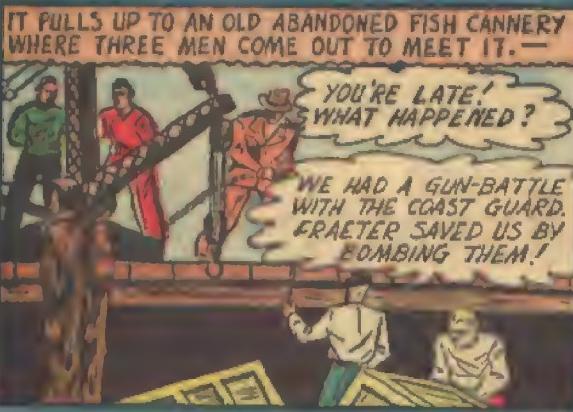
by FOS



WITH THE TOTALITARIAN STATES OF THE WORLD PLOTTING THE RUIN OF ALL THE DEMOCRACIES, THE UNITED STATES IS BEING OVERRUN WITH FOREIGN AGENTS AND SO-CALLED FIFTH COLUMNISTS. ONE FOCAL POINT OF THESE SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES IS THE SOUTHERN COAST OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE WATERS WHICH BORDER THE PANAMA CANAL!

AS THE PHANTOM SUB SPEEDS UP THRU THE WATERS OF THE GULF OF MEXICO IT ENCOUNTERS A U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER CHASING A FAST POWER BOAT -





THE OTHER BOATS ARE QUICKLY UNLOADED AND THEIR CONTENTS TRANSFERRED TO THE OLD CANNERY --



THEN WITH A ROAR THE DIVE BOMBER LANDS ON THE BEACH AND TAXIES UP TO THE BUILDING --



A DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE CANNERY SLIDES BACK AND THE PLANE IS WHEELED INSIDE.



WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT CANNERY!

WELL HAVE TO GO ASHORE FOR THAT!

YOU'RE GOING ASHORE? THEN I'M GOING TOO!



BUT YOU CAN'T ALICIA! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

BUT I'M NOT AFRAID. I'LL BE CAREFUL!

SORRY AL, BUT IT'S AS JACK SAYS, YOU CAN'T GO!



LEAVING THE SUB, THE TRIO CREEPS TOWARD THE OLD CANNERY -

OUR BEST BET IS TO LOOK THRU THE SLIDING DOOR AT THE SIDE.

YEAH, BUT SH-HH WE'RE GETTING IN CLOSE!

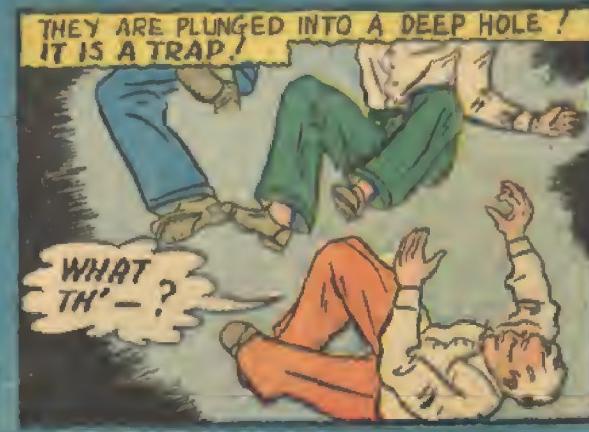


JUST AS THE THREE REACH THE BUILDING, THE WALK UNDERNEATH THEM GIVES WAY --



THEY ARE PLUNGED INTO A DEEP HOLE! IT IS A TRAP!

WHAT TH'-?



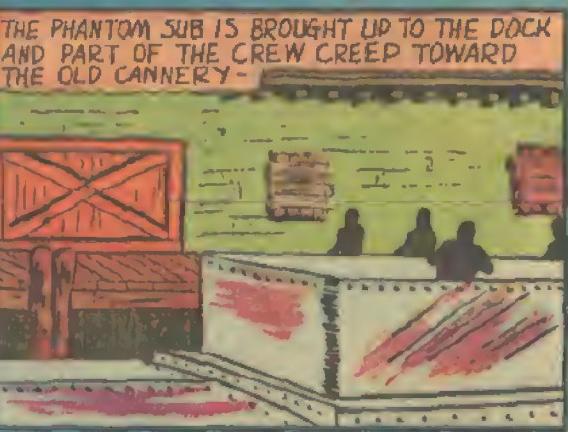
A SHORT WHILE LATER THE THREE REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND THEMSELVES TIGHTLY BOUND.



WH-WHY THEY'RE BOMBING, PLANES! YES, AND FIGHTERS TOO. WE BRING THESE PLANES IN HERE PIECEMEAL AND ASSEMBLE THEM FOR A PURPOSE THE U.S. WILL SOON KNOW!



MEANWHILE: OUTSIDE A DIM FIGURE LISTENS. IT IS ALICIA! SHE HAS FOLLOWED THEM!



UNDER TED'S DIRECTION, THE CREW ALIGN THEMSELVES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE CANNERY DOOR-



THE WATER-GUN SPEAKS -



MOVING QUICKLY, ALICIA SLIDES THE WELL-OILED DOOR SHUT IN FRONT OF THE ONRUSHING PLANE .



THE SPEEDING PLANE CRASHES INTO THE DOOR —



BROKEN FUEL LINES SPRAY GASOLINE ONTO THE MOTOR. IT IGNITES! THE GAS TANKS EXPLODE AND SOON THE OLD CANNERY IS A MASS OF FLAMES !



INSIDE THE INFERO, HELPLESSLY BOUND ARE JACK, SLIM, AND PROFESSOR STARKSON —



ACTING AS A FIREBOAT - THE PHANTOM SUB POURS WATER ON THE RAGING INFERNO !



MEANWHILE OFF THE COAST - A COAST GUARD CUTTER IS SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING CUTTER WHICH THE DIVE BOMBER HAD SO RUTHLESSLY BOMBED AND DESTROYED -

WE ARE RIGHT IN THE AREA FROM WHICH THE CHEROKEE WAS LAST HEARD!

YES, ACCORDING TO THEIR LAST REPORT, THEY WERE CHASING A SUSPICIOUS POWER BOAT!

JUST THEN ONE OF THE GUARDSMEN MAKES A STARTLING FIND!

IT'S ONE OF THE CHEROKEE'S LIFE SAVERS!

CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN!

THEN THIS MEANS THAT -- ?
YES, BUT HOW? A SMALL POWER BOAT COULDN'T SINK THEM. THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON IN THESE WATERS.



"FULL SPEED AHEAD" IS THE ORDER AS THE CUTTER HEADS FOR THE BURNING CANNERRIES -

